



KRS-ONE kristyles

KRS-One Lyrics

"Do You Got It"

Turn it up now, it's yo' time (ha!)
Thanks for yo' nickel and yo' dime (ha!)
The Kris-Style will blow yo' mind (ha!)
Let's get it started, RIGHT ON TIME (ha!)
The elements, I represent all nine (ha!)
I do the written or the freeflow rhyme (ha!)
These rappers nowadays they be so blind (ha!)
You lookin for the skill but you won't find (ha!)
Real live skills I show mine (ha!)
Whack rappers I'll pay them no mind (ha!)
Improvement, they showin no sign (ha!)
DJ's, I hang with the dope kind (ha!)
All you cats, know meeeee (ha!)
I'm not ashamed of who I beeee (ha!)
I teach about G.O.Deeeee (ha!)
It's YOU that's frontin, not meeee (ha!)
I keeps it bumpin in the C-L-U-B
Eleven albums, what are you tellin me?
I am B-L-E-S-S-E-D
You are C-U-R-S-E-D
I don't need radio (OR) TV
All I wanna do is recite my poetry
You hear somebody preachin, YEAH you know it's me
You hear the t'cha speakin and yo, you gotta see
"Criminal Minded," do you got it?

[switching to a live performance]

(Throw your hands up!) "Criminal Minded," do you got it?
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)
"Sex and Violence," do you got it? (uh)
"Sex and Violence" - ooh they got it!
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)
"Spiritual Minded," do you got it? (huh?)
"Spiritual Minded," do YOU got it?!
(Alright, check it out..)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ya Feel Dat"

[Chorus]

Ya feel dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Could it be dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Can you believe dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
You believe dat? (HO!) You can feel dat (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya see dat? (HO!)

Show me an MC that think he's too hot
Bring him to KRS-One, I'll show him he's NOT
Blowin the whole spot up when I spit up
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, when I walk past, get up
My wrists ain't lit up! I don't even live that life
Gold, diamonds, platinum, I give to my wife - you see
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, not mine
You got it, FINE - but what about that rhyme?
Can you rhyme? Can you spit it quick
like watermelon pits at a picnic? Ha!
Or are you just dressed up with nowhere to go?
Or is the record company the pimp and you the ho?
LET'S GO!

[Chorus]

I write my own books like I write my own hooks
Step in the spot and these rappers be so shook
They don't look here cause KRS is BOOM!
Platinum rappers be hidin out in they dressin rooms
Yo, get away from me
You got a million dollar video but I'M the one they wanna see
The capital E-M-C-E-E
A repitition of words, I been divorced Melodie
I'm out, confident, no doubt
I get what I gotta get when I spit I don't shout
This New Yorker, Kris Parker's a quick talker
You can get what I spit or get the klik-klocker
Overseas I got the breeze as a hip-hopper
Where they speak eat and drop the beats proper
Street doctor, I'm (Brown) and (Foxy) like the (Ill Nana)
Whoever you think is hot, I'm hotter

[Chorus]

RADIO! These suckers never play me
or Chuck - but do you think we really give a...
Southside, Westside, Eastside, North

I spit the hot flame, you get your flesh torn off
I come from that place where you cats can't face
Where cops can't chase or invade my space
We turn up the bass, you tremble in the place
Phones ain't traced and flows we don't waste
Hoes we don't chase or kiss, they know they place
with Kris or Christ, they'll lose their life
You don't lose if you come in two's, you and a wife
But you crews wanna be bruised, so choose your knife
Choose your gat, choose your rat, when the smoke clears
you'll be like, "God damn - who was that?"
Loosen that noose around your neck and back
Embarassin blacks, ain't no respect in that!

[Chorus]

Let's do it! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Everybody up top! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, all my cats in the front! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, yo, all my cats in the back (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, we out!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Underground"

[Chorus]

What does it mean to be UNDERGROUND?
It means you gotta be free to be UNDERGROUND
Yo, you got your own key when you're UNDERGROUND
If you're listening to me yo you UNDERGROUND

It's time that I open with a thunder sound
Now look around your own town for the UNDERGROUND
Yo, you rhymin for the TV, or a million CD's?
You ain't a MC, you ain't UNDERGROUND
You could be platinum or gold, hot or cold
But it's the respect you hold that's UNDERGROUND
When the critics don't get, that for the streets you spit it
When your lyric they fear, that's UNDERGROUND

[Chorus]

Yo, white kids, black kids, skinny kids, fat kids
Them Asian cats be UNDERGROUND
Chicanos, Palestinians, Milanos, fuck the Lone Ranger
Where's Tanto? That's UNDERGROUND
Freddie Foxxx, Blackalicious, Kweli
M.O.P., GangStarr that's UNDERGROUND
Mad Lion, Smif-N-Wessun, Buckshot
Armageddeon T.S. that's UNDERGROUND, UHH!

[Chorus]

Yo, the t'cha returns, I told y'all I went to Cali to learn
And that shit was UNDERGROUND
If the cops be eyein you, cause survive is what you try to do
Yo I'm wit you, you UNDERGROUND
If it's justice you want, and you protest the ice they flaunt
You want skills that's UNDERGROUND
Yo it's not about a rugger rapper, or an actor
It's about your subject matter that's UNDERGROUND
LOOK!

[Chorus]

Chevonne Dean from Ruff Ryders, all the Outsiderz
Young Zee, that's UNDERGROUND
When all your money's spent, and you're still hangin on
to 50 Cent (get it) you UNDERGROUND
When you rep the collective consciousness of hip-hop
Not hip-pop, you UNDERGROUND
Yo it ain't about jewels, bitches and cars
It's about Nas, that's UNDERGROUND, yo!

[Chorus]

To be underground simply means that you're down
for the struggle, get 'em up, that's UNDERGROUND
You could be a classy lady or a whore
But if you protest the war, for sure, you UNDERGROUND
If the government can't see you, or deceive you
You love your people, believe you UNDERGROUND
If you refuse to play the game, you go against the grain
You ridin the train, you UNDERGROUND - get it!

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, that blast from the past, like Grandmaster Caz
Bam and Flash, that's UNDERGROUND
Doug E. Fresh, Lord Finesse, KRS
If you listenin to this you UNDERGROUND
Turn it up now KRS about to show you how
They go wow, BLAOW for the UNDERGROUND
Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, KRS, BDP
Kenny P, that's UNDERGROUND - do it!

[Chorus]

(Alright!) Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up if you UNDERGROUND - LISTEN!

KRS-One Lyrics

"How Bad Do You Want It"

[KRS]

Yo, my man, how bad do you want it?
You know how many cats I threw the pitch, and they never caught it?
I told them to bring they lyric, but they never brought it
Scared to get ripped off, cheated, deleted, rejected and shorted?
Yo, how bad do you want it?
Fear I ain't got no time for it
If you want it, yo there's the track put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]

This hunger inside of me's unexplainable, Kris
The struggle we put in this box will be put into disc
Birth and ever, these family problems is hurtin'
Both of my sisters is pregnant, fuckin' feel like murkin'
All I have is my word and my balls
And my fam and my music speaks for them all
It's the Dominican animal ready to damage, you puttin'
Pressure to rappers that think they can challenge you, Kris (uh huh)
We been through it all, the grimeiest days, this earth ain't
Ready for my brain, comin' to face (word)
Everyone plus everyone
Do you hear me, KRS-One?

[KRS]

Well listen
You grimy and hungry?
But how long you gonn' trust me?
You really down for this cause or just chasin' the money?
I be up in them spots to be hot, so dusty and ugly
Nothin' be funny, it's all dark, nothin' sunny
Can you walk with me? Talk with me? Pop the cork with me?
When we in other cities, will you rep New York with me? (yeah!)
I need respect and honor
Discipline and no drama
How bad you want it, poppa? (with all my...)

[Peedo]

Loyalty is the key to it all (remember)
Get used to my face, we the winners of all
By mi gente, yo I go low to say-ah
Real like them Washington Heights
Niggaz there (say yeah!)

[KRS]

After you rap, will you stab my back? (never)
You gimme a track, will you take that back? (never)
I give the word, yo you bustin' your Gatt? (whatever)
Respect from your crew? They livin' like that? (they better)

This is no game! Why should I make you popular?
You know I'm the philosoph
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you need it?
If you see it, you can believe it, perceive it, retrieve it and flaunt it
How bad do you want, doggone it, there's the track, if you want it
You got to put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]

How bad do I want it? I'm ready to die like Big
A serious man with blood in my eyes for this
Success doesn't come overnight
It's gonna be dark a while until I see light (that's right!)
What is it?

[KRS]

This is no game, why should I do it?
KRS-One, me and Peedo runnin' through it
I saw you down the street in FedEx
You said you had the beats was comin', like "I Got Next"
So we went upstairs, my man Choco hooked it up
This is KRS-One turn my voice up! Wha (wha-,wha-)
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you see it?
How bad do you hear it?
How bad do you BELIEVE you can be it?
If you doubt, then you're out
If you believe, you can achieve
I got the city on lock, but I'm gonna hand you the Keys like Alicia
You know my style, you know I'm the teacha
Philosophia, minister, emcee, Hip-hop's spiritual leader
With the heater
You comin' with me? You runnin' with me?
In the spirit Scott LaRock, JMJ and Pun is with me
Yo, cats be steppin' to me ALL the time
With the rawest rhyme
But two weeks later, they fall to crime
If you listenin' to this song, and you want to be put on
You must be loyal to the cats that made you strong
It could be your friend, your father, your sister, your mother, your brother or some other
Just remember the days when YOU was under!
Before the Hummer, before the Benz
Before the hundreds, before the fifties, the twenties and tens
When you was thirsty, remember the living water, and who poured it
Now ask yourself, how bad do you want it?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ain't The Same"

You know it's Kris!

[Chorus]

It ain't the same now (it ain't the same)
They switched the game now (they switched up on us)
They talk 'bout chains now (bling bling)
Rims on the Range now
It's sounding plain now
Y'all rock the same style (sound of the mic)
I know the way how (I know)
Bring it back to one
It's supposed to be...

This is the way it's supposed to be
It's supposed to be like you more close to me
It's supposed to be about our families
It's supposed to be about avoiding catastrophe
But it's all about salary and flattery
Distrust, lust, hate and tragedy
It's supposed to be about you and me on the same route
Were you there in eighty-six when I first came out?
And you know about how they runnin' this game out
It's supposed to be about fun and getting' the pain out
But it's all about clout and poppin' them chains out
Instead of forgiveness, we poppin' they brains out
It's supposed to be about seekin' in the seek out
You witnessin' injustice, you got to speak out
If you claimin' you love this, you got to release doubt
Knowledge is what I'm all about

[Chorus]

Well it's supposed to be sunlight over me
Light over you, not you runnin' over me
It's supposed to be a two dollar royalty minimum
A Hiphop guild we got to begin buildin' 'em
It's supposed to be NO police brutality
And the fact that we tolerate that crap is insanity
It's supposed to be museums and archives
Where people can see the importance of OUR lives
But it ain't about any of this
Cats are trying to get that diamond-studded Rolex on they wrist
You hear a voice in the wilderness you know it's Kris
Higher consciousness lyrics, they will persist
But it's supposed to be about makin' it better
You see, Hiphop's not a product like pants or sweater
Go aheadóbe a hero, get your cheddar
Even y'all gonna see when you look back you remember that

[Chorus]

You can see in your heart how it's supposed to be
You doin' your part, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Pursuin' your art, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Today you will start, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
It shouldn't be about you movin' slowly
Then talkin' junk when you don't even know me
And you cats be pussy like Josie
I (Touch) "50 MC's" like (Tony)
Everybody in the hood ain't your homie
I spit the truth, but I'm not the only
There's plenty
K-R-S-O-N-E

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"It's All A Struggle"

[Chorus: KRS (guest)]

It's all a struggle (tryin to make it day to day)
It's all a struggle (from my hood to around your way)
It's all a struggle (single parents all by theyself)
It's all a struggle (diseases decreasin your health)
It's all a struggle (fiends swearin that's they last puff)
It's all a struggle (hustler tryin to avoid handcuffs)
(No matter what you do, who you are or where you from)
(Rich poor black white, at the end of the day)

It's all a struggle - and most people's struggles are doubled
You ain't the only one with a challenge facin some trouble
Look at the woman chewed up by the dog with no muzzle
Or the workers that got trapped underground in that tunnel
Some kids are playin in pools, others in puddles
When they listen to the news the propoganda is subtle
But it's time for you to know that the cryin got to go
Release the guilt that you built and let it flow
Slow and low, that is the tempo
Move slow and on the low, this you gotta know
You don't get the muscles without the hard struggles
You ain't the only one out here tryin to get dough
From the hustler to the preacher to the government leaders
From the airline pilot to the chef to the teachers
We linked in the same huddle, in the same tussle'n'bustle
Cause at the end of the day, it's all a struggle

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle - but don't let the challenges bug you
Or the government drug you, or the thieves in the street
beat and mug you - build your tunnel under the rubble
Come up on the other side eye to eye with the trouble
Look at the Twin Towers crumble
Look at the religious leadership stumble, everybody struggles
But not everybody comes through nifty, it's fifty/fifty
The city itself will outrun you quickly
Whether you be healthy or sickly
Whether you be wealthy or thrifty, ugly or pretty
Everybody's tryin to get 50's and 100's
I taught this at UCLA just off Sunset
Now run get "Ruminations"
It's a book that I published for the healing of this nation
In just a few chapters we run through, some possible solutions
Cause at the end of the day

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle

KRS-One Lyrics

"What Else Happened"

[KRS-One (voices)]

There once was a dreamer named Peter (what else happened?)
Peter was also known as SKeeter (what else happened?)
Peter had sex with Anita (what else happened?)
Anita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)
Peter wasn't just with Anita (what else happened?)
Peter knew this girl named Rita (what else happened?)
Peter had sex with Rita (what else happened?)
Rita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)
Now TWO girls are pregnant by Peter (what else happened?)
But Rita doesn't know of Anita (what else happened?)
And Anita, doesn't know Rita (what else happened?)
The two of them, only know Peter (what else happened?)
Now Peter's at the mall with Anita (what else happened?)
You know, he runs into Rita (what else happened?)
Well Rita takes a look at Anita (what else happened?)
And Anita takes a good look at Rita (what else happened?)
Well Rita starts to pull out the heater (what else happened?)
The heater now is pointed at Peter (what else happened?)
Anita jumps right on Rita (what else happened?)
Rita busts shots at Anita (what else happened?)
Rita missed Anita by meters (what else happened?)
But Rita's bustin shots at Peter! (What else happened?)
Just then somebody shook Peter (what else happened?)
Yo how many spoons of the dairy creamer? (What else happened?)
It's Keisha sayin WAKE UP PETER (what else happened?)
That's why they call you the dreamer (Now that's happenin!)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Somebody"

Oh, do it now, oh, do it now
Yeah, we celebrate diversity in the university
Everybody can't be a queen, everybody can't be a ho and a bitch (Ha ha)
Everybody can't be a philosopher
Some of y'all gotta load up the clip
Word up, watch this

It goes 1, 2, 3 we the best
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS
You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest
You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed
KRS with the sound for the east and the west
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Somebody gotta be fresh
Somebody gotta be wack
Somebody gotta be the Mc
Somebody gotta do the rap
Somebody gotta be smart
Somebody gotta do that
Somebody gotta do art
Somebody gotta be black
Somebody gotta have heart
Somebody gotta be white
Somebody gotta do their part
Somebody gotta be bright
Somebody gotta be up
somebody gotta be down
Somebody gotta be the teacher
Somebody gotta be the clown
Somebody gotta be lost
Somebody gotta be found
Somebody gotta be in the economy making the money go round
Somebody gotta be the president
Somebody gotta get down
Somebody gotta be hesitant
Somebody gotta be relevant
Somebody gotta be celibate
Somebody gotta be having their sex in a lex for the hell of it
Somebody gotta be intelligent
Somebody gotta be illiterate
Somebody gotta go all the way
Somebody gotta go a little bit
Somebody got to be an idiot
Somebody gotta be belligerent
Somebody gotta be hip hop
Cause somebody else is living it
Somebody gotta be spitting it
Somebody gotta be ignorant

Somebody gotta be holy
But somebody gotta have sin in it
Somebody gotta be losing it
Somebody gotta be winning it
Somebody gotta be flippin' the style I'm kicking just a little bit
Somebody gotta be into it
Somebody gotta be out of it
Somebody gotta be up for it
Somebody gotta be doubtin' it
Somebody gotta be running it
Somebody gotta be all that
Somebody don't even know that
Somebody gotta come right here
Somebody else gotta go back
Somebody gotta be scheming
Somebody gotta be a witness
Somebody gotta be seeing in the meaning is different
Somebody else gotta be somebody, for some else to be somebody
Somebody else to run into to wealth, to try to create one body
One aim, one GOD, one destiny
I'm not non-violent, you can back up off of me
I sip my tea, and cock back three
One for Tiny Tim, Mr. Walt, and Evil Dee
I hope you all see, the need for unity
I'll never stop speaking about Marcus Garvey
Kwame Ture or Malcolm X all day
Black leadership today is all play
Y'all play, y'all immature black behavior
IS worse than being a trader
Do on to others, as you would have done do to your neighbor
Big up to my philosophy majors
Free Mumia Abu-Jamal from the cages
We writes the pages and teach all ages
Justice, tell me what we want now
Justice, for Mumia Abu-Jamal
Or justice for Amado Dialo
Justice, there is no peace without (Justice)
All dem mercy, now watch this
I sing, 1,2,3 we the best
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS
You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest
You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed
KRS with the new sound for the east and the west
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no
follow no...

Follow no beast, on a quest
Do you hear me?
Follow no beast, on a quest
Word

Hip Hop ya don't stop
Tiny Tim ya don't stop
KRS ya don't stop
Get by us

KRS-One Lyrics

"Survivin'"

(feat. Tekitha)

[KRS-One] Yeah, all my fathers
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uh.. uh, word
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] Uh.. hold your head up!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 1: uncredited - possibly Shuman]

Yo, time to do what we gotta do
These days, livin ain't true, but I ain't mad at you
I don't got time for the stress and the nonsense
So I try to stay blessed, but it's all tense
When I awake, feel the sun on my right side
It make me wanna grab a gun and change my lifestyle
But it only goes so far, so live it up
Or realize what you know star, and give it up
Or either switch it up, gotta keep reppin on
And lookin out for our kids, like the rest of [?]
Now I know how it is, and what you're handin me
So I can calculate the right moves for my family, yo

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Keep on!
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, that's right
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] Word up!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

C'mon, let's do this
When it comes to the cash, we ain't equal
Rich man, poor man, poverty defeats you
Where my people? Yo, Kris see you
There's only one of you, that's why you gotta be you
Them others be see-through, flashin and flossin
Me I'm with Inebriated Beats in Boston
Strivin, survivin, we get cash often
But do you really know what daycare be costin?
All my fathers, all my mothers
All my sisters, all my brothers
Hold your head up and teach them younger cats

It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at!

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 3: uncredited - possibly Priest]

Now see I'm livin just to die without most any reason

So I keep on chasin paper 'til it's time to go

But should I really go for mine and put the clip all in the 9

Or stay at the 9 to 5 a day I just don't know

But a brother got a daughter I gotta support her

Caught up in the system inside a order, man I can't afford

a kitted Escalade, or bling bling

And so I gotta keep survivin, is the song that I keep singin

I try to keep my head off the floor, the country's goin to war

While Bush is givin dough to NASA and ain't feedin the poor

But I keep love over these beats, these beats keep me alive

Alive, I got to stay the Priest, I will survive y'all

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh, word

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon.. SURVIVIN

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uhh! Keep your head up, word!

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] C'mon, uhh.. SURVIVIN

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] Word! Uh-huh

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh.. ALL MY FATHERS

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] Word!

[KRS-One]

Sadat X, is down wit us

Stud Doogie, is down wit us

Lord Jamar, down wit us

Alamo, you down wit us

Grand Puba, down wit us

Brand Nubian, down wit us

Shuman, you down wit us

Yo Priest, you down wit us

Marlo, you down wit us

Choco, you down wit us

Vangod[?], you down wit us

Desmond Terrow[?], you down wit us

Cliff Cultrary[?], you down wit us

Yo Tekitha, you down wit us

Aiyyo RZA, you down wit us
The whole Wu-Tang, is down wit us
Makin funky music is a must!
Makin funky music is a must!

[sampled:] "One For All.. All.. All.." [repeats to fade]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Things Will Change"

Hands in the air! [X4]

Good looking, word...
DJ Revolution, word up...
Let's do this, kid...
Here we go!

[Chorus]

A good time, a good vibe, and a house with a court
Good life, good wife, a little food for thought
I need (I need) food, clothes, and a whip with rims
I need God in my life
I need family and friends
(I need) money, power, respect, I need love
I need world peace, homeless to eat, no drugs
I need every race and creed to be one
Every nation, every face and seed to see sun

You need to listen to this
You need to listen to Kris
You need to have peace at least
You need spiritual bliss
You need a lyrical twist
Do you know what a miracle is?
Before we begin, you may need a kiss
I suggest either one from J to O-one from the lips
Either way what I'm saying, yo, is bound to uplift
You need checks, you need cash
You need intellect
You need to be moving fast
You need that big respect
You need to be rolling in a car
Going to a bar that's far
Makin' the deal to make you a star
You need to ask yourself, now do you know who you are?
Where you goin'? How many steps you took so far?
You need patience, you need to control your mind
If you read and don't act, then you're wasting your time
We need better leaders, we need better preachers
We need a three-thousand dollar raise to all teachers

[Chorus]

You need some meditation
You need rejuvenation
You need assistance right now with your situation
You need some contemplation
You need a combination

A combination of will power and concentration
You need some syncopation
With regular relaxation
But you can't, 'cause you runnin' and racin' and chasin'
You need to slow down, maybe you should speed up
One sayin' "lay down," the other's sayin' "leap up"
You gotta keep up
I suggest you start to speak up
A lawyer, a doctor, a rapperóyou wanna be what?
Whatever it is, you gotta visualize
You need to focus for real, and stop livin' them lies
The time you givin' them guys
You could be workin' upon the goal you hold
Yo, you must realize
Yo, you need to be wise
Yo, you need to be alive, there could be no revenge or deceit in your eyes
Rise!

[Chorus]

Gimme what I need
Do it with speed
Change the situation around, plant new seeds!
I roll with a righteous team of adults
Forget the insults
We plan to get results
You can call us a cult, you can call us a gang
But when it comes to Hiphop, no, you cats can't hang
When the Gatts go bang
And the telephone rang
Telling you to come to identify the remains
That's when you feel the pain
And my name comes as comfort, ease and all stress and strain
You need to know the game
You need to know the meaning of your own name
Reprogram your own brain
Ask questions with no shame
How you think you gonna master your craft if you don't train?
Perfecting your skill, that's the aim
Perfect your skill, and you'll always have money and fame
C'mon!

[Chorus]

What I, uhh, what I need
(House on the hill)
That's what I need
(Cash credit on my bill)
That's what I need
(All my dreams fulfilled)
That's what I need
(New whip that I can wheel)
What I need

(With the chromed out grill)
Uh huh, that's what I need
(And the girl that can chill)
That's what I need
(And my spirit all healed)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
[fade]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Movement"

Where the real at!
Where the real at!
Yeah!

Yo

Where I come from gats bust for nothin'
Thugs, ministers, cops, teachers, all be hustlin'
Your family's the only one ya trustin'
Clubs be jumpin', redesigned cars be bumpin'
Now there's ranks supreme KRS is a free man
In Hip-Hop culture, I'm like Allen Greenspan
I tell the culture what's hot and what's not
Now look who's on top and look whose shit just dropped
We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants
We emcees we go straight to the club and hurt shit

[Hook]

New York, New Jers', Boston, COME ON!
California, D.C., Baltimore, COME ON!
Texas, Atlanta, New Orleans, COME ON!
Philly to Chicago, Carolinas, COME ON!
Memphis to Nashville, Colorado, COME ON!
Detroit to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, COME ON!
Seattle to Miami, Arizona, COME ON!
San Fran', Oakland, Hip-Hop, COME ON!

Down to the spot this is real Hip-Hop
Join this movement; them other cats steal a lot
You can feel the knowledge of self or feel this glock
I'm authentic, KRS I'm really hot
Yo, what up Fat Joe that's my nigga for life
Remember when Pun fell off the stage, right on my wife
In the Bronx, we all laugh about it today
What up Freddie Fox, 2 Glocks, Pik and Spay
Dr.Dre all day, both of them
Dr.Dre with Ed Lover and the one with Eminem
This a movement, all over the world we reach
I can prove it, all over the world I teach
You hear that Dr.King, "I Have A Dream" speech a lot
But no where is it manifested but in Hip-Hop
While them other cats be lookin' for a radio song
I'm in Washington Heights, puttin' them Dominicans on
You can feel it I'm strong, I last longer lets do it
You want the real Hip-Hop well join this movement
We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants
We emcees we go to the club and straight hurt shit

[Hook]

Utah, Minnesota, Mexico, COME ON!
V.A., Arkansas, Portland, COME ON!
Indiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, COME ON!
East St.Louis, Milwaukee man, COME ON!
Montreal, Toronto, Canada, COME ON!
East Coast, West Coast, Dirty South, COME ON!
Mid-West, Bible Belt, Up-Top, COME ON!
Hip-Hop, COME ON!
Hip-Hop, COME ON!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Gunnin' Em Down"

Uh-huh! Y'all forgot about this shit right? Haha
Haha, TURN THE RADIO OFF!!
Word! Yeah, whattup Choco? Haha
Yo turn it around for me one time
Uhh, uhh, yo

I don't despise thugs, I (ADVISE) thugs
I teach y'all thugs, cause that's what I was
Yeah I say was cause today I'm above
All the guns, illegal funds, the crews and the drugs
ANY HOOD I walk in, they show me love
They say 'Knowledge Reigns Supreme, WHATTUP CUZ?'
Cops wanna get sit down and get all bud
They wanna think as they drink drink down to the suds
I respect it, but I don't get down with the fuzz
I don't drink with DT's I don't hang with the judge
But truth be truth and I got the proof
Most ministers were straight thugged out in they youth
See if you're over 25 and you never got live
when it was time to ride, you ain't got no heart
But if you're over 26 and you're still in the mix
and your life you ain't fixed, you ain't doin your part
You see them cats on TV, playin the role?
Gassin y'all, them cats be over thirty years old!
Actin all dirty and cold
NONE OF MY CLASSIC ALBUMS they was worthy to hold
I'm concerned with the soul, overstand?
When we was slappin up rappers they was doin the running man
You don't know my style, we be straight gunnin man
If you don't know you better ask your older brother man
Shit gets realer than, Real TV
From eighty-six, ain't no rapper realer than me
Or Just-Ice, I.C.U. or Steady B
What y'all waitin to see? Somethin faker than me?
Don't let me have to pull out the Jamaican in me
I'd rather pull out the asalaam alaikum in me
Wa-alaikum salaam, yo you wan' tess de Don?
BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW-BLOAW-BLAOW, bwoy gone!

[Chorus]

They don't really wanna learn - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo they really ain't concerned - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the book - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't want a conscious hook - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna pay dues - well start gunnin 'em down!
They be actin brand new - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the light - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo, pass me the mic - we'll start gunnin 'em down!

Watch dis! Your crew is my crew and my crew is my crew
Your crew you lied to, my crew will find you
The light I recite will blind and outshine you
Street cats be wonderin why they even signed you
Where they find you? WHO is the first cat to rap
"wa-da-da-ding" and show you what the nine do?
You ain't never seen me behave with them firearms
Maybe not, cause you just a slave to Viacom
Me, I'm a free MC hip-hopper
I teach real gangsters, hang with real Godsters
I am to hip-hop what Selassie is to rastas
Watch your mouth before someone I don't know pops ya
Lemme stop, don't-a-stop the street rhetoric, ha
Your soul you sellin it ha, come wit some better shit, ha
In five years your whole catalogue's irrelevant ha
You spit the ignorance while I spit intelligence
You got it backwards like sayin hop-hip
That's why when you battled your whole crew got ripped!

[needle drags across record] You wanna battle?

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Philosophical"

Yo turn me up just a bit, so I can hear it and spit
Reverse spit, and get tips, rehearse a hit and take tricks
Research the art just a bit, don't let me start I won't quit
But if I start I'ma flip, just like I'm startin the whip
Puttin the key into it, mentally seein it
G.O.D. believin in it, I get a fee when I spit
C-L-U-B's I just rip, I'm lyrically well equipped
Over the beats and the mix, I keep the streets in a fit
When it comes to lyrical spit, I'm the t'cha of it
Higher consciousness, truth, I'll be reachin for it
Metaphysics, here's an example cause I'm speakin of it
Put your hands in the air, but you must be aware
That even if your hands are down, ain't they still in the air?
I be takin you all the way down the road, takin you there
I'm livin and givin just a smidgen of what I share
The style that I'm kickin, lyric lickings from over there
We rockin forever, we get better with every year
With letters and intercessors I sever every fear
Lookin here, like UPS KRS takes it there
Let's make it clear, thought waves go through the air
You can act like you busy or you dizzy or you don't care
But listen here, everybody got a fear
An insecurity, some type of thing they gotta clear
So that's when I, reappear, from the rear
Philosopher, follow the bright light to right here
I might wear, light gear
Appear when you least expect it, tellin you now how to fight fear
With faith, you hear the bass, well clear the waste
You gotta get the negative cats out your face
Get that irrelevant crap out your space
Conceive it believe it decree it achieve it with HASTE!

[Chorus]

Nuttin in the world is impossible
Listen to the shit that I drop on you
KRS-One, philosophical
Believe and achieve what you got to do

We rawwwwwwwwwk, we don't stop
Hip-Hoooooooooop, we don't stop
Tick-toooooooooock, we don't stop
We at the top we never drop cause true hip-hop is so hot
Some people thuggin, some be pimpin, I be teachin a lot
I be teachin about the meaning of a deeper hip-hop
That don't make me any better than a thief or a cop
All I know is when I flow, the people be shocked
You don't really want the teacher to come step on your block
With my whole glock takin everything that you've got

I'm a different type of deeper intellectual rock
For when you really wanna compete and get up off your block
You are not just doin hip-hop, you +ARE+ hip-hop
Like if you have a badge and a gun, you ARE the cop
Like if you practice medicine, you ARE the doc
You just forgot rappers rap about cars a lot
And the magazines worry about stars a lot
But I'm the sun and they avoid me BECAUSE I'm hot
The orthodox hip-hop is sure to rock
With or without a video, I'm leavin 'em all in shock, OHH!

[Chorus - repeat 4X]

KRS-One Lyrics

"9 Elements"

Well my ladies and gentlemen
This is a rapsession and my name is "KRS-One!"
And when I talk about "Hip-Hop Music!", I know

One: Breaking or breakdancing
Rally b-boying, freestyle or streetdancin'
Two: MC'ing or rap
Divine speech what I'm doing right now no act
Three: Grafitti art or burning bombin'
Taggin', writin', now you're learning! uh!
Four: DJ'ing, we ain't playing!
[scratch] You know what I'm saying!
Five: Beatboxing
Give me a *[beatboxin]* Yes and we rockin'!
Six: Street fashion, lookin' fly
Catchin' the eye while them cats walk on by
Seven: Street language, our verbal communication
Our codes throughout the nation
Eight: Street knowledge, common sense
The wisdom of the elders from way back whence
Nine: Street entrepreneur realism
No job, just get up call 'em and get 'em

Here's how I'm tellin' it, all 9 Elements
We stand in love, no we're never failing it
Intelligent? No doubt
Hip-Hop? We're not selling it out, we're just lettin' it out
If you're checkin' us out this hour, we teatchin' hip-hop
Holy integrated people have it, I'm the present power!

Rap is something you do!
3x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*
Rap is something you do!
Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

Skaters, BMX-bike riders rock
Don't you ever stop! You are hip-hop
You doing the same things we did on our block in the suburbs
You know you be packing that black block
Selling that crackrock and ecstasy
Gettin' pissydrunk, fallin' out next to me
But like I told those in the ghettoes
Here's the facts! True hip-hop is so much more than that
Some much more than rap, so much more than beats
Hip-hop is all about victory over the streets
What you see on TV is a lie
That's not something you wanna live or pattern your life by
But, huh that's too much preachin' ain't it?

You don't want the ?education[?], you wanna be dead on the pavement
Well, so be it, some of ya'll ain't gonna see it
Others wanna enslave your mind! Kris wanna free it!

[Chorus]

Rap is something you do!
5x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

"Oh yea" *[scratched]* - From "P is dead"

"I have spent my whole life livin'", "talk to the fullest", "no doubt"

You know that's why these rappers can't hang
Cause the essence of hip-hop is not a material thang
They so careless, hip-hop is in a [?] we give
Rap we do, hip-hop we live
How many times I gotta say it? How the radio ain't gonna play it
And you hip-hoppers sit back and okay it
Think about it! (think about it)
The present course of action, we have got to reroute it!

[Chorus: repeat 3X]

Hip-Hop is something you live!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Alright With Me"

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

The Kristyles is officially on blast
Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last
If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class
I write albums like singles and release them so fast
I get around the whole country on foot like Flash
I don't fly across country I be there with the mass
Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot
You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."
I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know
how fast I be movin when they be movin slow
This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go
This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow
Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho
Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe
(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show
with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit
When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique
Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way
I spat that your rap's not dope any way
When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope
I split that and spit that unanimous quote
No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk
They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope
Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells
For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales
Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it

Every thing you did I already did it

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

Too many emcees not enough time

nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme

Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime

Three out of four say they wit it but they not

Two out of five spit fire plus the underground

One out of three spit righteous but they never shine

One out of two claim they ballin all the time

And only one make it to prime

Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z

one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady

One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one Love, only one me

Take that TNT, that spit is my property

You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Only One"

In case you ain't know, check it
Let me tell you right now and the whole world
You are the only one

I saw them guys you were with
I don't flash platinum watches and drop-top whips
But you can rest assure you're my perfect fit
Every dollar that we get, we be earning it
Yo, you never have to worry about me taking a trip
Or leaving you at home so I can quickly forget
Yo, with me it's the opposite, you swerve the jeep
You the queen of your house, you earn your keep
And I respect that, in high school we both got left back
We both were divorced and had setbacks
But you should never let that depress you
God has blessed you
Yo, here's what KRS do
Support your goals, keep you warm when it's cold
It ain't about now it's about when we get old

[Chorus 2x]

Let me tell you right now and the whole world
You are the only one
In my heart you are that number one girl
You are the one (one, one, one)
Even when your hair ain't done with no curl
You are the only one (one, one, one)

Crazy why love making we already did
Shit, that's why we got four kids
Romantic, our parenthood we planned it
On the queue two to England, cross the Atlantic
Respect, you don't have to demand
It's like you got the perfect husband and your friends cant stand it
Especially when I watch the kids
And when you come home I ain't trying to find out what you did
It flips theirs leave, 'cause they looking for the player
A little boy trying to pay theirs cell phones and pagers
But with me you living with the savior
We be up in the temple of hip-hop, or chilling with the mayor
I thank the creator
We don't need what they handing out
This is what your man is about
It's like peace and much love
Trust and respect
Your friends may have diamonds but they aint get that yet
They may have the burghettes and cars and private jets
But all they're really good for is sex

[Chorus]

We be hanging out late night at denys
Having conversations about every and any
Many people want what we got
A relationship that just keeps getting hot like hip-hop
You know I'm not the regular guy
You know I can't be compared
You know when the drama comes I ain't scared
My name rings bells in the street
You can say my name in any hood your protection is complete
Thugs be right on their feet
Saying "What, your man is Kris?"
You don't worry miss

[Chorus]

But most of the time you're with me and the kids
Mind at ease, chilling out at Chucky Cheese's
These are my kids, I know what their need is
I know what the doctor bill in school to which in fee is
My daughter, I know who she is
And all my sons know exactly what being free is

[Chorus]

No, you might not get the drop-top three
But all your kids want to be like me
Their father, and even when times is getting harder
There's only one name you could trust, Kris Parker

[Chorus]

uhh
send this out to you
you and yours....word
it's that time yo.....that's word

[Chorus]

